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Curious Sea Inhabitants.

There is a continual warfare going on in the deep—a constant struggle for the means of sustaining life. The carnivorous devour the vegetarians, and the mud-eaters swallow both animal and vegetable forms: and this runs all the way down the scale, from the shark and the equally ravenous bluefish to the least of the annelids. These last—the sea-worms—are wary, but they cannot escape their enemies. If they were to confine themselves to the bottom—where they feed, and where many of them grow to the length of a foot or two—they might in a measure escape, though they would still be a prey to the scup and other fish that know how to dig for them; but they love to swim, particularly at night and in the breeding season, and then they are snapped up in countless numbers. They have almost every variety of forms, and their structure is marvelous—monsters with hooked jaws at the end of a proboscis, and with sides of bluish green, that throw off an infinite variety of irridescent hues. Some of the sea-worms have scales, others have soft bodies; some are sluggish, and curl themselves up into balls when disturbed; others are restless, particularly at night; some are round, others flat; some build tubes of sand and cement, woven together till they make a colony of many hundred members; the tubes of others are soft and flexible, and some, when disturbed, withdraw within their crooked calcareous tubes, and close the orifice with a plug. One variety of the serpulæ has three dark-red eyes; another variety has clusters of eyes on each tentacle. The amphipods were accounted of no great value till it was shown by the Fish Commission that these small crustacea furnish a vast amount of food for both salt and fresh-water fishes. Indeed, there is not a creature that swims or crawls that does not become the food of some other animal. A beach-flea is caught up by a scup or a flounder, squids make terrible havoc among young mackerel, and sharks and stingrays find something appetizing in the gasterpod.

"My brethren," said a Western minister, "the preaching of the gospel to some people is like pouring water over a sponge—it soaks and stays. To others it is like the wind blowing through a chicken coop. My experience of this congregation is that it contains more chicken coops than sponges."

WHITE paint may be readily cleaned with whiting moistened with a little water. Use a woolen cloth for a rubber and wash off clean with water. Cold tea grounds are also excellent for rubbing or cleaning paint.

A PROTEST.

Why should it sound cheerless and cold,
When a man says he has grown old?
Think you of a head bald and grey,
Of a mortal that's had his day?

Should my sons call me "old man,"
And the town folk "Uncle Dan?"
Just because my strength is spent,
Just because my form is bent?

I watch the youth as they run about,
With many a laugh and merry shout,
And I recall my childhood day,
When I was thoughtless, free and gay.

Why not, O youth, tenderly speak,
Kindly be to the old and weak—
Gladly from unkindness save,
Smooth their pathway to the grave.

Thoughtless youth should remember,
Quickly comes bleak December,
Then will their forms be bent,
Then will their days be spent.

This home my soul shall soon vacate,
Taking on the glorious State;
This old form will ne'er appear,
In that Heaven blest and dear.

Glorious season of youth,
Dwelling in the light of truth,
None old or growing old up there,
'Tis life beyond all tears and care.

THE OLD WILL.

Little Blossom, you make it so hard for me to say good-bye to you."

"When?"

The innocent, surprised, inquiring face—renunciation was indeed, difficult for John Burrows. He touched a dimple in her cheek, and then a curl of her hair, as he might have touched flowers on a grave, perhaps.

She shook back the silky ripples impatiently.

"When, John?"

He looked at her for a moment without a smile, pretty as she was.

"Nelly, sit down here for a moment."

They sat down on the pretty crimson couch before the fire. Seeing trouble in his face, she put her hand in his, and he smoothed out the little rose-leaf member upon his broad palm, more than ever confident, as he looked at it, that he was right.

"Nelly, you know I love you."

"Yes," with a blush, for he had never said it before.

"And I am very sorry."

"Why," after a pause of bewilderment.

"Because you are a delicate little flower, needing care and nursing to keep your bloom bright; and I am going to a hard, rough life, among privations, fever, and malaria, which will try even my powerful constitution, and where you must not go."

"You are going to the Far West?"

"Yes. My mother must have a home in her old age. She is strong now, but time is telling on her. You know all that she has been to me?"

"Yes; she has been a good mother. But you shall take me too, John."

She won her way into his arms against his will.

"You will take me, too?"

"No. Did I not tell you that you made it so hard for me to say good-bye to you?"

"John, what could I do without you?"

"He took the little, caressing hand down from his face.

"Don't make me weak, Nelly. Do you think that it is nothing to me to leave my little violet—the only woman I ever loved—for a hard, cold life and unceasing toil. I cannot marry for ten years, Nelly."

"And then I shall be thirty years old."

"Yes, married, and with little children; seeing, at last that your old lover, John Burrows, was right."

He rose to his feet.

"JOHN!" in terror.

"Yes I am going, Nelly. Little one—you look so much a woman now, with your steadfast eyes—hear me: I did not foresee that you would love me—that I should love you. You were a little school girl when I saved you from drowning last summer, and your satchel of books floated away down the river and was lost. I came here to see Gregory, not you. I could not help loving you; but did not think until to-night that you cared so much for me, Nelly. But, child you will forget me."

"Never!"

He went on.

"Nelly, I shall hunger for you day and night, more and more, as time goes on and I get older, lonelier, more weary. But I shall never hope to see you again. Now, give me your hand."

She gave him both. He raised them to his lips, but before she could speak again he was gone.

Shivering violently, she went to the fire, and stood there trying to warm herself. She understood it all now—his strangely elaborate arrangements for a trip to New York. He had known that he was not coming back when she had begged him to bring her his photograph from the great metropolis, but was going on—on—into the dim distance. This is why he had not promised.

It was getting late—she was so cold—she had better go to bed. She would not go into the parlor to bid her father and aunt, and Gregory good night; so she crept silently up to her own room. There the very weight of grief upon her lulled her to sleep.

But when she woke, her grief sprang upon her like some hidden monster who had lain in wait for her all night. Her misery terrified her. Why should she not die? Why should she ever rise from that bed?

But when they called her, she sprang up hastily, dressed and went down, and they were too busy talking to notice that she did not know what she was doing. But, by and by, when her brother reached for some more coffee, and observed "John Burrows and his mother went to New York in the first train this morning,' she tried to rise unconcernedly from the table, and fell in a dead faint on the carpet among them.

When Nelly came to, she was undressed and in bed, and Aunt Mary was darning stockings at the foot.

"Oh, let me get up, Aunt Mary! I don't want to lie here!"

"Now, Nell, be reasonable! You're ill."

"Oh, Aunt Mary, I'm not."

"Nelly, if you will lie still to-day, I'll let you have that old box of curiosities in my room to look over. Will you?"

"I don't know."

Aunt Mary went for them. Nelly shut her eyes and let the wave in all its bitterness surge over her once; when Miss Golding came back, bringing a box of old mahogany, black and glossy with time.

"There!" setting it on the bed.

With a wintry little smile of thanks, Nelly lifted the cover. The old mahogany box contained strange things. Pictures on wood and ivory, illuminated manuscripts, webs of stronge lace, antique ornaments, ancient embroideries, great packages of old letters, sealed flasks of unfamiliar perfume, ancient brooches of red gold, finger rings of clumsily-set gems tied together with faded ribbons, a knot of hair fastened together with a gold heart, the silver hilt of a sword, and lastly, a tiny octagon portrait of an old man, done in chalk upon a kind of vellum and enclosed in a frame of tarnished brass.

"Who is this that is so ugly, Aunt Mary?"

"That, they say, is my great grandfather, Nelly."

"What is it painted on—this queer stuff?"

"Well, it is a kind of leather, I believe. They used to write on it in old times."

"He is uncommonly ugly, isn't he?" said Nelly, wearily.

As she spoke, the little case fell apart in her hands. A yellow, folded paper was revealed. She opened it, and saw that it was written upon.

"Why, bless my soul, what have you there?" exclaimed Miss Golding, rising up in a strange alarm.

She snatched it from Nelly's hand.

"It can't be the will!" she cried.

Nelly looked on in dumb surprise. Aunt Mary read a few words, then rushed away in wild agitation to the library where her brother was sitting. Nelly could hear them talking, the two; then her brother came; then the old housekeeper was called from the dining-room; and so much confused conversation she never heard before. By and by, they all waited upon her in a body.

"Nelly," said her father, sitting down on the foot of the bed, "you are an heiress."

"This is old Grandfather Goldin's will!" exclaimed Aunt Mary, flourishing the bit of yellow paper.

"It seems that he was very eccentric,' Gregory condescended to explain. "He was very rich, and had some hard sons and some grandsons who promised to be harder, and he fell out with the whole set, who were waiting for him to die. He declared that no money of his should encourage the young people's excesses; a little poverty would help the family, and the fourth generation would appreciate his money, and probably make good use of it. When he died, no will could be found; and though there was a famous struggle for the property, it went into the hands of trustees, through the oath of the lawyer who drew up the will; and there it has been, descending from one person to another, and accumulating in value, until you and I, Nelly, are as rich as Cræsus."

"How, Gregory?"

"Ain't WE the fourth generation? Father was the only child, we are his only children; all the back folks are dead and it slides down to us on greased wires. Hurrah for Grandfather Golding!"

"Is this true, father?"

"Yes, my dear. The property is chiefly in Leeds, England. The housekeeper who came over last summer, you know, happens to know all about it. It is in safe hands, and our claim is indisputable."

What did Nelly do? The little goose! Instead of flying off in thoughts of a carriage, and dresses of cloth, of gold, and a trip to Europe, she buried her face in the pillows, and murmured under her breath, "Oh, John! Oh, dear, dear John!"

And it was no castle in the air. Three months proved that Nelly Golding was the mistress of gold untold, almost. And then a little note went to Kansas saying:

"DEAR JOHN—I am waiting for you with a fortune. Will you come for me now?

"NELLY."

And he came instantly; and though some might have sneered at his readiness, the heart of the little wife was always at peace.

She knew that John Burrows loved her truly. Grandfather Golding's money built up a commodious western town: paved streets, raised rows of shops, erected dwelling-houses, founded banks, libraries, and churches; and Nelly finally lived "out West." But she had opportunities of seeing pioneer life; and she said "John was right; I should have died in a year, had I lived here in poverty."

—A morning-glory—the cock-tail.

The Jester Engaged.

Once Mount Pleasant had the Jester engaged for his great moral entertainment, but in order to make his next engagement, he had to quit talking at the expiration of one hour and twenty minutes and hurry away on a special train. But Mt. Pleasant knew that he had talked two straight, solid hours at Scottdale. And was Mt. Pleasant to be snubbed, and put off with a smaller lecture than Scottdale? Perish the thought! All of the lecture or none.

So new arrangements had to be made for Mt. Pleasant. And that night, while the Jester was putting on his cap and bells, he said to his friends:

"I will make it sickly for these Mount Pleasanters. I will teach them to clamor for a long lecture when they might just as well have a short one. I am going to talk these people to death. I am going to give them all four of my lectures, one after the other. It will be a good joke on them. I will talk and talk, you see, until they are tired out, and one after another, singly and in groups they leave the room, until I alone am left in the hall. That will be awfully funny, and it will be something new in the lecture business. Oh, it will warm them.

Well, the curtain rung up and the show went on. And it kept going on And on and on. And the audience stuck to him like a burr, and along about ten o' clock or a little later the Jester began to grow anxious. But he kept at it, and by and by a couple of men got up and went out. This was the first break, and the Jester felt encouraged. But in a few minutes the men, who had only gone out to see a man, both came back. And he felt depressed again. But he kept at it. He was bound to talk that audience out of National Hall. But it was too many for him. Perhaps seven or eight people left the hall at different times, but that was all; and at 25 minutes after eleven o' clock the exhausted Jester jangled his sweet bells a little out of tune on the closing joke and fell into a chair, limp and despairing, while the good-natured audience, fresh as a rose, retired from the ring, smiling and ready for another round. You can't talk out a Mount Pleasant audience.

"I never talked so long in all my life,' the Jester said, "and to think that they should tire me out, after all. Anyhow, I wasn't feeling very well. I'll come back next winter when I'm fresh and strong, and I'll give these people a little racket for their white alley then."

"Let's see," said the fat passenger, "you're the man, aren't you, that writes such touching things, once in a while, about the beauty of silence?"

But the Jester said he was too sleepy to talk politics, and the stage being ready the pilgrims lighted their cigars, drew up their windows and smoked a clergyman of the Episcopal Church all the way over to Tarr Station, so that when he got home that night he made the parlor smell like a drying-house, and up to this date has not been able to convince his wife that he hadn't been smoking.

The Village Postmistress.

The son of this postmistress says of his mother: "She's gettin' a little hard a' hearin', though; but I tell her that ain't strange, seein' she's heard so much in her day. Ears can't last forever you know, Mis' Linton, an' for fifty years there ain't been nothin' goin' on among the neighbors that ma ain't heard. Bein' in the post-offic is wearin' to the hearin' ez well as the eyes. Folks comin' an' goin' for their letters generally leave as much news ez they take away. By the way, Mis' Linton yer sister, Liss Bradleigh's, comin' back to-norrow. Ma was readin' the postal cards last night, and she came across one from her." "Reading my postal cards?" exclaimed Mrs. Linton. "Why, yes. Ma always reads 'em—leastways she reads such as isn't took right off. She says it's her duty. Might be news of sickness or death or suthin' else, that we'd ought to send right along. They're dreadful aggravatin' readin' through. People don't write as well as they used to, an' don't make things clear, nuther. When anybody writes jes' 'Yes' or 'No' on a postal, no postmaster in creation can make anything of it. But your sister's postal is plain enough, Mis' Linton; thar ain't nothin' indefinite about her. She says: 'comin' Thursday, 5 o'clock train. Have Factotum meet me'. Ma puzzled a good deal over that word factotum,' and we both concluded that 'twas the name of your help. Furrin' name, ain't it? I told ma 'twas new, any how, an 'ez we had a young calf't we was goin' to raise, an hadn't named it, we concluded we'd call her Factotum, like that furrin' kitchen girl o' yourn, Mis' Linton."

The Nile.

An English capitalist, Mr. Gaston proposes to dam the Nile at the Cataracts and subject about 800,000 acres of land, which is now desert, to the influence of its fertilizing waters. This is a stupendous undertaking; but it is beyond a doubt that the present rapids are produced by the debris of ancient works of this description which are now strewn on the bed of the stream, and from an engineering point of view the work would be perfectly feasible. The inundation would then be under complete control, while the company which should carry out the work would be reimbursed by the lands allotted to it out of nearly a million acres, which would now for the first time be brought under cultivation. It is said that the preliminary capital has already been raised.

James Bowie.

On one occasion Bowie whose reputation reached Memphis, arrived by boat at that city, or rather at what was then known as the Third Chickasaw Bluffs. The bank from the boat landing to the top was about one hundred and fifty feet high and a large number of people were watching the arrival of the strangers. Looking down one of them recognized Bowie as he stepped over the gangplank and made the remark, "There comes Jim Bowie."

"What!" shouted a big flatboatman, then known as the "Memphis Terror," as he looked down the bluff; "what Jim Bowie? That's the fellow I've been looking for months. Jim Bowie! Why, —— —— him, I'll whip him so quick he won't know what hurt him. I'll whip him if I never whip another man as long as I live! Stand by, boys, and see the fun!"

Bowie came slowly up the bank. In his hand he carried an old umbrella. He had no pistols and was evidently not expecting or in fact prepared for a fight. This fact did not escape the now thoroughly interested spectators. Up went the flatboatman promptly, as Bowie reached the top of the bluff. "Is your name Jim Bowie?" he asked.

Bowie replied that it was.

"Then," shouted the flatboatman, as he squared off, "I think you are a —— rascal and I'm going to whip you right here and now."

Bowie was a man of few words. He stood and gazed at his adversary, who was more emboldened than ever. "I think you're a —— coward," he yelled, "and I'm going to knock your head off," and so saying the "Memphis Terror" advanced to the conflict.

Bowie never flinched. His keen eye was fixed on the "Terror," who at this moment was face to face with him. But as the man of Memphis drew a dirk from his breast, Bowie stepped back a foot and thrust out his umbrella as if to keep his antagonist at bay.

"The "Memphis Terror," seizing the umbrella with one hand, made a pass at the inventor of the famous knife with the other. In so doing he pulled the umbrella to himself, leaving free in the right hand of Bowie his murderous weapon, which to this moment had been concealed in the folds of the impromptu sheath. The sight of Bowie standing there, with the knife in his hand and the gleam of vengeance in his eye, was too much for the terror.

From the bouncing bully he became transformed into a craven coward in a second. His face turned pale and his knees trembled, while the dirk dropped from his hands as he gazed on Bowie's weapon with staring eyes. "Put it up, put away that SCYTHE, for God's sake, Bowie. I was mistaken in my man."

Bowie advanced a step.

"Don't—don't kill me!" beseeched the bully; "for God's sake, man don't go for me with that scythe and I swear to you I'll never attack another man as long as I live."

Bowie looked at his now thoroughly demoralized opponent for a moment, and then turning on his heel with the expression, "Coward," walked rapidly away. Thenceforth the Memphis "Terror" was a changed man, and until the day of his death he never lost the sobriquet of "Put-up-that scythe."

Bowie was very fond of music and dancing and on occasions where he could enjoy both he invariably appeared in the best of humor, and the reserve which had begun to characterize him at this time appeared to thaw out. It was on one occasion at a dance, when he was in such favorable conditions, that I had an opportunity for free-and-easy chat with him about some of the encounters in which he had been engaged. Referring to the disparity in size between himself and some of the men whom he had met in conflict, I asked him how he regarded his chances under such circumstances.

"Suppose," said I, referring to a man of herculean build, who stood near, "suppose you were attacked by such a man as Hob Johnson there. What then?"

"Oh," dryly responded Bowie, "I would cut him down to my size!"

Maggie's Mission.

A plain girl, with a plain face and name, Maggie Gibson, that was all. Short, plump, and twenty-two. Always bursting buttons off her dresses, tearing rents in skirts and aprons, and ripping open tight seams.

A white freckled face, broad, and full of good humor when quiet, a wavy mass of reddish hair, that would never stay smoothly braided, wicked ringlets falling down into the saucy eyes, blue eyes they were, pretty some times, when lighted up by life and excitement, dreamy and common-place when the soul was quiet; a snubby little nose, no character there, a pouting mouth, pale, colorless lips. Although a person well suited to the name, "a decidedly common-place girl," we would say, at a mere glance, yet, that heart nursed dreams of a resplendent future. Not a soul to think deeply, yet, every day there were desires and longings and ambitions crowding the soul, and expanding the body, it would seem.

We find her pouring out her wrath on aunt Sally's head, because that worthy lady had remonstrated against an ambition she called "manly," because it required a man's strong nerves, a man's clear cool brain, his steady hand, big stout heart, and so many other things. Maggie wanted to study medicine!

How can one describe such an ambition in a woman, yet, it must be as noble to her as it is to man, and we have known young girls to put the whole of their life's dream in this one desire.

One of the sweetest girls we know of, a person of such delicate refinement, a face that shows all the sweet nobleness of the soul, so beautiful and so perfect in its moulding, said to us a few weeks ago:

"I have had but one ambition in my life, that is: to be a physician, to begin now. I could not afford it, it would take years of faithful study, I must give it up."

Maggie had made her home with her aunt Sally, since her mother's death, when she was twelve years old; her father away off in distant countries, no brothers, no sisters, no one but prim aunt Sallie, who loved so to keep things in a straight row; no wonder poor Maggie grew tired of the holly-hocks and petunias, tasteless green blinds, and stiff hair-cloth chairs. She wanted a change, and a change she was bound to have. She has not been idle as to what her chances in a large city might be. She would go to Philadelphia, and none of aunt Sally's persuasions could keep her back. Three years later, we find her, the same Maggie as ever, a little older, a little plainer, and a little stouter. She has worked hard, studied well, and it seemed her ambition was to be realized. There was a light in the eyes that had not been there before, a love-light, that made the plain face almost beautiful, sometimes Maggie was in love, in love with a heavy-bearded foreigner, handsome, proud and rich, such a contract to little Maggie, he was, but he loved the little maiden, only he did NOT love her ambition, he would never submit to it, he talked with her pleaded and coaxed, but no, she would not give it up—"either give up this ambition, or ME" and the proud spirit would plead no longer.

Maggie's blue eyes flashed as she cried out impetuously, "Then I will give YOU up!"

That was all, he went away, with never one word more.

"He will come to-morrow," she would say to herself, as the tears would come to her eyes; "he has told me he loved me better than his life; he will come, I know."

To-morrnw, and weeks went by, still he did not come. Maggie wondered where all the drems of her ambition had fled to, what made the world such a dark place. Perhaps there would be comfort in something else. She would try and see if she could not call back the same steadfast ambition that she had pursued for years.

Poor common-place girl!

While she was not a wicked woman, far from that, she had never attended church nor paid any devotion to her Maker. Was that the cause of her unrest? She would see. She went to church one day, she liked it, it quieted her mind, the earnest, tender pleading of the pastor, the quiet, attentive faces of the listeners, she went again, until she found it a necessity to drive away other thoughts. There was a "cry from Macedonia" for helpers to come teach the way of salvation to heathen souls. A thought struck her, had she mistaken her mission all these years? She would be a missionary! She would heal souls, as she had studied to heal bodies. Such an awakening!

She hurried to the minister's house, poured out her desires to the pastors's wife. She was taken at once as a candidate and every preparation was made. Ladies of the church devoted their time to her outfit, while she devoted her time to spiritual preparation. All was finished, the day for the God-speeds and farewells had arrived, even the hour. Where was Maggie? No one knew. Search was made.. Not one trace of trunks or Maggie! It was such a blow to the church that it was deemed best to keep it quiet.

Some two years afterwards a fairfaced, bunchy little woman rang the bell at Rev. B.'s door, was shown to the parlor by a servant, but refused to give her card. When she heard Mrs. B. coming down the stairs she ran to meet her, crying out, as she held up a dimpled hand, "See, see, I have my diamond and my ambition too!"

Maggie it was, surely, with a strange story to tell. The very hour that she was to have sailed as a missionary she received word of the serious illness of her father in a distant country; she had the money the church had given her and the trunks of clothes; she took them and went to her father; he was ill for months and months, demanding her constant attention. When he had but slightly recovered she was stricken down, and lay at death's door for many days. When she had regained strength enough she wrote to her old-time lover; he was faithful; he came to her, married her in spite of her protest that she would study medicine. "I have come now to repay what I carried off so slyly, it would seem. I want to repay it doubly; my husband is rich. I use my own maiden name in my practice; my husband would not allow me to use his."

A REGULAR BONANZA: Her hand was evidently not on good terms with soap and water, but was heavily loaded with jewelry. "By George!" said Fogg, there's rich digging over there. I should say that dirt would assay a dollar an ounce."

Arctic Flowers and Berries.

It might be supposed that in the utter barrenness of the Arctic landscape flowers never grew there. This would be a great mistake. The dweller in that desolate region, after passing a long, weary winter, with nothing for the eye to rest upon but the vast expanse of snow and ice, is in a condition to appreciate beyond the ability of an inhabitant of warmer climes the little flowerets that peep up almost through the snow when the spring sunlight begins to exercise its power upon the white mantle of the earth. In little patches here and there, where the dark-colored moss absorbs the warm rays of the sun and the snow is melted from its surface, the most delicate flowers spring up at once to gladden the eye of the weary traveler. It needs not the technical skill of the botanist to admire those lovely tokens of approaching summer. Thoughts of home, in a warmer and more hospitable climate, fill his heart with joy and longings as meadows filled with daisies and buttercups spread out before him while he stands upon the crest of a granite hill that knows no footstep other than the tread of the stately musk ox or the antlered reindeer, as they pass in single file upon their migratory journeys, and whose caverns echo to no sound save the howling of the wolves or the discordant cawing of the raven. He is a boy again, and involuntarily plucks the feathery dandelion and seeks the time of day by blowing the puffy fringe from its stem, or tests the faith of the fair one, who is dearer to him than ever in this hour of separation, by picking the leaves from the yellow-hearted daisy. Tiny little violets, set in a background of black or dark-green moss, adorn the hillsides, and many flowers unknown to warmer zones come bravely forth to flourish for a few weeks only and wither in the August winds. Very few of these flowers, so refreshing and charming to the eye, have any perfume. Nearly all smell of the dank moss that forms their bed. As soon as the snow leaves the ground the hillsides in many localities are covered with the vine that bears a small black berry, called by the natives parwong, in appearance, though not in flavor, like the huckleberry. It has a pungent, spicy tartness, that is very acceptable after a long diet of meat alone, and the natives, when they find these vines, stop every other pursuit for the blissful moments of cramming their stomach with the fruit. This is kept up, if the crop only lasts long enough, until they have made themselves thoroughly sick by their hoggishness. But the craving for some sort of vegetable diet is irresistible, and with true Innuit improvidence they indulge it, careless of consequences. Fortunate for them is it that their summer is a short one and the parwong not abundant, or cholera might be added to the other dangers of Arctic residence. But the days of the buttercup and daisy, and of the butterfly and the mosquito, are few. With the winter comes the all-pervading snow and the keen, bracing northwest wind, the rosy cheek and the frozen nose, but with it also comes rugged health and a steady diet of walrus meat.

An Old Fashioned Nurse.

She was old—in fact, she was a great-grandmother—but she still retained the vigor of middle age, and pursued her profession of nursing the sick. Her face was seamed and wrinkled, the wrinkles being so cris-crossed that one was involuntarily reminded of the tanned alligator-skin used in making belts and satchels; but her hair retained its natural color, and she kept it in order by means of her patient's brushes and combs. She had her peculiarities, as most old nurses have.

Her excessive economy was equaled only by her acquisitiveness. She had worn her black lace veil for forty years, her "reps" dress, in whose pattern red gourds chased each other over a yellow ground, dated back to a past generation, and her other garments were chosen for their lasting quality. Of these she seemed to have as many layers as an onion. The layer exposed to view, when she prepared herself for rest at night by her patient's bedside, consisted of a quilted skirt and a bodice of common blue and white striped bed-ticking.

In her leisure moments she wandered about the house and lot communing with herself concerning the family's waste and extravagance. She picked up strings, nails and tin cans; she gathered three shriveled apples that hung on a tree in the back end of the lot; and she dug down into a pile of ashes upon which the rains for months had beaten, tasted them, and finding them still strong and good, upbraided the mistress for not extracting the lye and making soap. Nothing that was offered to her came amiss. She accepted old clothes with avidity, old shoes and joints of rusty stove-pipe had a value in her eyes, also crippled umbrellas and rubber boots with holes in them.

She was not consciously mirth-provoking in her talk; her conversation ran mostly toward lugubrious recitals of sickness, death and misfortune, but her patient extracted amusement from her words and expressions. Besides these traits, peculiar to herself, she had many common to old-fashioned nurses, but was excelled probably by none in her capacity for spilling things, for losing her spectacles and for puttering.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, JULY 14., '81.

THE MILLHEIM JOURNAL
Is published every Thursday, in Musser's Building, corner of Main and Penn streets at
$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE
Or $1.25 if not paid in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 week.	1 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	1 year.
1 square,...	$1 00	$2 50	$3 00	$4 00	$7 00
¼ column,..	3 00	4 00	6 00	10 00	15 00
½ column,..	5 00	7 50	10 00	15 00	35 00
1 column,..	8 00	12 00	20 00	35 00	60 00

One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors' Notices $2.50. Transient advertisements and locals 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.
Job Work done on short notice.

DEININGER & BUMILLER,
Editors and Proprietors.

Church & Sunday School Directory.

Evangelical.

P. C. Weidenmyer and J. M. Dick, preachers.

German preaching next Sunday morning.

Sunday School, 2 P. M.—M. I. Jamison, supt.

Methodist.

Rev. J. Benson Akers, Preacher-in-charge.

Preaching next Sunday evening.

Sunday School at 1½ P. M.—D. A. Musser, supt.

Reformed.

Rev. C. W. E. Siegel, Pastor.

Preaching in Aaronsburg next Sunday evening.

United Brethren.

Rev. Tallheim, Preacher-in-charge.

Rev. J. F. Tallheim will preach next Sunday morning.

Lutheran.

Rev. John Tomlinson, Pastor.—

Missionary meetinh and lecture by Rev. A. D. Rowe, in Aaronsburg, at 9 o'clock A. M. German preaching in the afternoon at 2½ o'clock.

United Sunday School.

Meets at 9 A. M.—H. E. Duck, supt.

Lodge & Society Directory.

Millheim Lodge, No. 955, I. O. O. F. meets in heir hall, Penn Street, every Saturday evening. Rebecca Degree Meeting every Thursday on or before the full moon of each month.
A. O. DEININGER, Sec. R. A. BUMILLER, N. G.

Providence Grange, No. 217 P. of H., meets in Alexander's block on the second Saturday of each month at 6½ P. M., and on the fourth Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M.
D. L. ZERBY, Sec. A. O. Deininger, Master.,

The Millheim B. & L. Association meets in the Penn street school house on the evening of the second Monday of each month.
A. WALTER, Sec, B. O. DEININGER, Prest.

The Millheim Cornet Band meets in the Town Hall on Monday and Thursday evenings.
F. P. OTTO, Sec., J. F. HARTER, Pres't.

Announcements of Candidates.

The following is our scale of charges for the announcement of candidates for nomination by the ensuing Democratic county convention—strictly cash in advance: Sheriff, Prothonotary and Treasurer—$5 each; Associate Judge and Register—$4 each; Commissioner and Recorder—$3 each; Auditor—$1. Candidates must pledge themselves to support the ticket nominated.

TREASURER.

We are authorized to announce that J. H. HOLT, of Snow Shoe township, is a candidate for the office of Treasurer, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that J. G. MEYER, of Haines township, is a candidate for the office of Treasurer, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that GEO. W. SPANGLER, of Potter township is a candidate for the office of Treasurer, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that [illegible] didate for the office of Treasurer, subject to Democratic rules.

SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce that JOHN B. LEATHERS, of Howard township, is a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that THOMAS J. DUNKEL, of Rush township, is a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that JOHN COLDREN, of Gregg township, is a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that S. K. FAUST, of Miles township, is a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that MICHAEL KERSTETTER, of Spring township, is a candidate for the office of Sheriff subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that DANIEL T. WIELAND, of Harris township, is a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that JOSEPH L. NEFF, of Boggs township, is a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that L. T. MUNSON, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to Democratic rules.

PROTHONOTARY.

We are authorized to announce that J. C. HARPER, is a candidate for the office of Prothonotary, subject to Democratic rules.

ASSOCIATE JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce that JOHN RISHEL, of Potter township, is a candidate for the office of Associate Judge, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that JOHN K. RUNKLE, of Potter township, is a candidate for the office of Associate Judge, subject to Democratic rules.

COMMISSIONER.

We are authorized to announce that JOHN WOLF of Miles townihip, is a candidate for the office of Commissioner, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that H. E. DUCK, of Penn township, is a candidate for the office of Commissioner, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that JOHN HOY, Jr., of Marion township, is a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that A. J. GRIEST, of Unionville, is a candidate for the office of Commissioner, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that B. H. ARNEY, of Potter township, is a candidate for the office of Commissioner, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that SAMUEL DECKER, of Walker township is a candidate for Commissioner, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that C. ALEXANDER, of Penn township, is a candidate for Commissioner, subject to Democratic rules.

REGISTER.

We are authorized to announce that JOE W. FURY, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for the office of Register, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that T. B. JAMISON, of Gregg township, is a candidate for the office of Register, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that JAMES A. McCLAIN, of Boggs township, is a candidate for the office of Register, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that HENRY BECK, of Spring township, is a candidate for the office of Register, subject to Democratic rules.

RECORDER.

We are authorized to announce that FRANK E. BIBLE, of Spring township, is a candidate for the office of Recorder, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that JOHN MYERS, of Harris township, is a candidate for the office of Recorder, subject to Democratic rules.

Democratic County Committee.

The following persons have been named as members of the Democratic County Committee for 1881.

Bellefonte, W. W	Nicholas Redding.
Bellefonte, N. W	Charles Schrader.
Bellefonte, S. W	Edward Brown, Jr.
Milesburg	O P Kreamer.
Millheim	D L Zerby.
Unionville	A Toner Leathers.
Howard	George Wistar.
Philipsburg	A J Graham.
Benner	Jerry Roan.
Boggs	James A McClain.
Burnside	Oscar Holt.
Curtin	John McClosky.
College	Jacob Bottorf.
Ferguson, old	John T. McCormick.
Ferguson, new	Miles Walker.
Gregg, south	Henry Krumrine, Sr.
Gregg, north	James Duck.
Halfmoon	John Ward.
Haines	Solomon Ettlinger.
Harris	John A Rupp.
Howard	John A Dunkle.
Huston	Henry Hale.
Liberty	W H Gardner.
Marion	Perry Condo.
Miles	Samuel K Faust.
Patton	John Reed.
Penn	Christ Alexander.
Potter, north	John Shannon.
Potter, south	James McClintic.
Rush	John Donlan.
Snow Shoe	Abel Campbell.
Spring	John Noll.
Taylor	William Calderwood.
Union	S K Emerick.
Walker	Ambrose McMullen.
Worth	Marshall Lewis.

P. GRAY MEEK,
Chairman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Feb 1.

JURY LIST FOR AUGUST TERM.

GRAND JURY.

Dav Deitrick, Walker	J Musser, Jr, Ferguson
H A Moore, Howard	J Witmer Wolf, Potter
Wm Wike, Half Moon	Jac F Stover, Haines
Mich Pletcher, Liberty	D B Malone, Boggs
S Williams, Huston	John B Bitner, Potter
Henry Heaton, Boggs	Peter Robb, Curtin
John Callahan, Rush	F P Musser, Millheim
John Biddle, Patton	J Gunsaulus, Snowshoe
G W Swartz, Millheim	T Brumgard, Miles
L C Rearick, Spring	W McCormick, Jr., Po'r
S A Marshall, Benner	J B Rockey, Benner
Wm Young, Worth	Conrad Singer, Curtin

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

John Love, Ferguson	J Cronister, Half Moon
W R Camp, Potter	J A Crider, Boggs
O M Sheets, Ferguson	J S Boal, Harris
Em'l Peter, College	Constans Curtin, Boggs
Lewis Mench, Haines	S Mattern, Half Moon
N J McCloskey, Curtin	Henry Wolf, Miles
E R Jones, Worth	John Gingrich, Worth
J F Ward, Ferguson	Wm Stiver, Potter
John Weaver, Harris	John F Miller, Potter
E B Hosterman, Potter	E Poorman, Snow Shoe
Geo W Fleck, Boggs	Wm A Kerr, Potter
Jos Gilliland, Potter	Geo Kauffman, Spring
Dan K Miller, Marion	Aaron Ulrich, Penn
W Zimmerman, B'nside	Geo Martz, College
Thomas Lingle, Potter	D L Zerby, Penn
Dan Glossner, Liberty	Lowrey Shope, Boggs
C M Sellers, Patton	W Clevenstine, Walker
W Bartholomew, Gregg	Wm Bradford, Harris
D W Holt, Philipsburg	Ed Krumrine, Gregg
Uriah Stover, Haines	Hiram Blowers, Taylor
T Walker, Snow Shoe	Fergus Potter, Harris
B F Homan, Ferguson	J Confer, Jr., Harriss
W R Mattern, Huston	Daniel Roush, Miles
George Bower, Haines	W C Farmer, Potter

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

C Dale, Benner	Hen Emerick, Gregg
John R Bair, Millheim	Jacob H Wile, Haines
J B Holt, Snow Shoe	J B Mitchell, Ferguson
A Cheney, Worth	John Ruth, Miles
L T Munson, Bellef'te	E Zimmerman, Boggs
G W Rhoads, Benner	D Dunkle, Sr., Walker
Geo W Wilson, Union	H L Harvey, Boggs
G R Spigelmyer, Haines	J G Jones, Worth
Jas B Lane, Bellefonte	Dan Beanes, Taylor
Wm Beckwith, Worth	D Z Kline, Bellefonte
G M Swartz, Bellefonte	Al Jones, Philipsburg
D H Parker, Philipsb'g	W H Wilkinson, Bellef
G F Emerick, Benner	Chas Holt, Snow Shoe
F McFarlane, Harris	Sen'l Bathurst, Boggs
David Evans, Potter	C Eckenroth, Spring
J Dumbleton, Rush	A J Shivery, Benner
G D Johnston, Howard	John Luth, Spring
Jas Irvin, Bellefonte	Dan A Grove, College

THE GREAT CRIME.

Attempted Assination of President Garfield.

The readers of the *Journal* no doubt have all heard in some form of the shooting of President Garfield by a man named Charles Guiteau, who is either insane or desperately depraved, at the Baltimore & Potomac depot in Washington City, on Saturday July 2d. But not all have access to the daily papers, and we give below the details of the horrid tragedy as made up from the details.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—President Garfield, at 9.20 A. M. to-day was shot twice by Charles Guiteau in the station of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad in this city, one bullet taking effect in the arm and the other entering the side near the backbone and lodging somewhere in the intestines.

The story of the occurrence is full of exciting interest. It had been arranged that the President and several members of his official household should leave on the limited express at half-past nine. The President's party was to go first to Long Branch and thence through New England, as previously announced. Secretary Windom, Postmaster General James and Secretary Hunt had arrived before the President. They were accompanied by their wives and other members of their families. Colonel Rockwell, who acts as a sort of personal aide to the President, was also in advance of his chief, accompanied by his son, Don Rockwell, and by the President's son Harry.

The President and Mr. Blaine had traversed half of the main hall of the station when Guiteau walked out deliberately with a cocked revolver. He gave no warning and said not a word, but presenting his pistol fired at the President's heart. Whether on account of defective aim or because the President was in motion is not known, but the shot, instead of going to the President's heart, went into the upper part of his arm, making a harmless wound. The assassin, with the same devilish deliberation, next tried to shoot the President in the stomach, but the first shot caused the President to turn slightly, and the second fire only an instant after the first, struck him in the side or back near the backbone. At this the President fell heavily. Mr. Blaine, almost paralyzed by the sudden event, hesitated a moment between helping his friend and securing the assassin. He called loudly for help and the assassin was secured.

The horrible occurrence caused the crowd to fall back at first in terror, but the waiting-woman of the station at once went to the stricken man's assistance. Few realized what had occured. Two shots had been heard, but no unusual noise had preceded or followed the event. But the sad news spread rapidly.

The President lay prone on the floor, the blood flowing from both his wounds most copiously. Some minutes elapsed before those present could get their senses. Nobody seemed to know what to do. Mr. Windom, Mr. James and Mr. Hunt came in and viewed the prostrate figure. Mr. Windom shed tears and could not control his emotion. Mr. James was more practical. He and Mr. Blaine soon secured a mattress and not long afterwards the wounded President was taken up stairs and placed upon a bed.

The scene at the bedside was most affecting. The President lay upon his back, his wounds bleeding profusely. His coat, vest and trousers had been cut away, and the half dozen surgeons, who by this time had arrived, pronounced the injury of a most serious character. The sudden shock had affected the President's stomach and he vomited quite freely. He did not, however, lose consciousness. About his bed were gathered his Cabinet and some of his best friends. He said nothing, but he recognized every one. At one time he put his arm around Blaine and said: "You know how I love you."

The President's grief-stricken son Harry, stood by the side of the bed, holding his father's hand and crying as though his heart would break and calling aloud: "My poor father! My poor father!" There were few present that did not weep.

The President was soon removed to the White House and made as comfortable as was possible. Everything that could be done was done, by eminent physicians and skillful nurses. Mrs. Garfield who was at Long Branch at the time was immediately telegraphed for and arrived by special train at 7, P. M. Her presence had a cheering effect on the suffering President.

Guiteau, the assassin, was arrested immediately after the shooting and lodged in jail.

The Latest.

The latest advices before going to press are that the President's condition is as favorable as could possibly be expected under the circumstances, although he is not by any means out of danger yet.

The following telegram from Secretary Blaine to Minister Lowell, London, gives the President's exact condition on Monday:

WASHINGTON, July 11.—*Hon. James Russell Lowell, Minister, London:* At the beginning of the tenth day since he was wounded, the symptoms of the President are all hopeful and favorable. Suppuration goes on with no higher pulse or temperature than should be expected. His milk diet of a pint to pint and a half per day is relished and digested. His physical strength keeps up wonderfully and his mind is entirely clear and active without showing excitement. His physicians do not count him beyond danger, but the general confidence in his recovery is strengthened every hour.
(Signed) J. G. BLAINE,
Secretary.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Washington, D. C., July 9, '81.

The first week of the President suffering ended this morning and left him in better condition than at any previous day since he was wounded. It is a very gratifying fact that the ordeal through which he is passing does not in any way effect his mind. Through pain, anxiety and doubt, he keeps the same pleasant almost joyous frame of mind which has been his through life. It must be a well balanced mind which remains in this condition under these circumstances. It is not exactly correct to say that the physicians are confident of his recovery, but they reported this morning that his symptoms had been exactly what they would have been if his recovery had been assured.

The assassin remains at the jail and the idea of lynching him seems to have died out. The authorities say his memory of events at the shooting is better than that of any other person present, and he aids the District Attorney very much by telling clearly of events about which the others are hopelessly at variance. The question of his insanity is still discussed, but fewer people than at first profess a belief that he is insane still. Eminent medical men hold to that view.

The President is not of course kept advised of all the kindly messages received from East, West, North and South. He will know how wonderfully unanimous they have been only when he is stronger. His susceptibility of appreciation by others is very great. He would be too much excited by a knowledge that every citizen without regard to origin was constantly waiting with deep anxiety for reports of his condition. Many of the President's friends believe that with his recovery the asperities of political contests will die out. They say that he at least will never again know the party lines of the past, so far as they refer to any particular section of the country. So may it be.

He has not been informed of the projected subscription of a quarter of million dollars for himself or for his family in case of his death. In fact everything that would in any way excite him is kept from him.

The curious political complication at Albany continues, and unless a senatorial election is brought about to-day, there is little doubt of an adjournment of the Legislature without an election. This means beyond any question, two democratic Senators from that State. Of course less is said now than was two days ago of political affairs, but it was well understood by New Yorkers here at that time, that the democratic majority this fall would hardly be less than 75-000, even if the two wings of the Republican party should work in harmony.

CARROLL.

Hon. Orange Noble, of Erie, is looming up as a prominent Democratic candidate for State Treasurer. He is said to be a gentleman eminently fit in every respect for the important office.

The Democratic convention of Clinton county meets at Lock Haven, August 9th.

Mr. Thomas C. Platt has suddenly withdrawn from the senatorial contest at Albany. He got terribly mixed up with an ugly woman scanda and that's what's the matter with Platt. What beautiful pinks some of our great men are.

Who Can Effectively say, "Sit Down Smith?"

It looks now as if Rev. J. Hyatt Smith of Brooklyn, might be the Mahone of the next House of Representatives. It is believed that he holds the casting vote and can control the organizatinon of the House. Mr. Smith says his position is this: He was nominated for Congress as an independent Republican, and his candidacy was indorsed by the Democrats of his district. He enters Congress wholly unpledged to train with any political party or faction, and perfectly free to act on any and all questions according to the dictates of his own judgment. He will form no alliance with any party or clique. No one is authorized to say how he will vote in the organization of the House, nor is it probable that he could himself until congress convenes. He proposes to vote in the best light when the time for voting comes. Politicians need not count on him.

L. C. & S. C. RAIL ROAD.

TRAINS LEAVE WESTWARD.

	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M.	7 P. M.
Montandon	7.00	9.45	2.20	6.45
Lewisburg	ar 7.15	10.00	2.35	7.00
Lewisburg	lv 7.25			
Fair Ground	7.30	10.06	2.40	
Biehl	7.41	10.21	2.51	
Vicksburg	7.47	10.30	2.57	
Mifflinburg	8.03	10.51	3.13	
Millmont	8.25	11.20	3.35	
Laurelton	8.35	ar 11.35	3.46	
Wicker Run	9.00		4.11	
Cherry Run	9.17		4.30	
Fowler	9.37		4.50	
Coburn	9.48		5.02	
Spring Mills	10.15		ar 5.30	

TRAINS LEAVE EASTWARD.

	2 A. M.	4 A. M.	6 P. M.	8 P. M.
Montandon	ar 6.50	ar 9.30	a 1.20	ar 6.30
Lewisburg	6.35	9.15	1.05	6.15
Fair Ground		9.10	1.00	6.10
Biehl		9.01	2.48	6.00
Vicksburg		8.56	2.42	5.55
Mifflinburg		8.43	12.25	5.40
Millmont		8.25	12.02	5.20
Laurelton		8.15	11 50	5.10
Wilker Run		7.48		4.47
Cherry Run		7.31		4.30
Fowler		7.10		4.10
Coburn		6.58		4.00
Spring Mills		6.30		3.30

Trains Nos. 1 and 2 connect at Montandon with Erie Mail west for Williamsport, Lock Haven, Kane, Corry and Erie, and Buffalo and Niagara Falls via Emporium, also Elmira, Watkins, Buffalo and Niagara Falls via Canandaigua.

Nos. 3 and 4 connect with Pacific Express east for Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York.

Nos. 5 and 6 connect with Day Express east for Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York, and Niagara Express west for Williamsport, Lock Haven and Renovo, Tyrone, Altoona and Pittsburg via Lock Haven, also Elmira, Watkins and Buffalo, and Niagara Falls via Canandaigua.

Nos. 7 and 8 connect with FastLine west for Williamsport and Lock Haven.

No. 8 also connects with Erie Mail east for Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York.

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Div.

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, June 12th, 1881, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL	leaves Philadelphia	11 55 p. m.
"	" Harrisburg	4 25 a. m.
"	" Williamsport	8 40 a. m.
"	" Jersey Shore.	9 09 a. m.
"	" Lock Haven.	9 40 a. m.
"	" Renovo	11 05 a .m
"	arr. at Erie	7 45 p. m.
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves Philadelphia	9 00 a. m.
"	" Harrisburg	12 15 p. m.
"	" Williamsport	3 30 p. m.
"	" Lock Haven	4 20 p. m.
"	" Renovo	5 30 p. m.
"	" Kane	10.05 a. m.
FAST LINE	leaves Philadelphia	12 10 p. m.
"	" Harrisburg	4 00 p. m.
"	arr. at Williamsport	7 25 p. m.
"	" Lock Haven	9 10 p. m.

EASTWARD.

PACIFIC EXP.	leaves Lock Haven	7 05 a. m.
"	" Jersey Shore	7 37 a. m.
"	" Williamsport	8 20 a. m.
"	arr. at Harrsburg	12 05 p. m.
"	" Philadelphia	3 20 p. m.
"	" Kane	6 00 a. m.
DAY EXPRESS	leaves Lock Haven	11 25 a. m.
"	" Williamsport	12 25 p. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	3 40 p. m.
"	" Philadelphia	6 45 p. m.
"	" Erie	11 35 a. m.
ERIE MAIL	leaves Renovo	9 00 p. m.
"	" Lock Haven	10 10 p. m.
"	" Williamsport	11 30 p. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	3 00 a. m.
"	" Philadelphia	7 35 a. m.
FAST LINE	leaves Williamsport	12 15 a. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	3 15 a. m.
"	" Philadelphia	7 35 a. m.

Erie Mail and Fast Line and Pacific Express East make close connections at Northumberland with L. & B. R. R. trains for Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West and Fast Line West make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.

Niagara Express West and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R.; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

Parlor cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Express West and Day Express East. Sleeping cars on all night trains.

WM. A. BALDWIN, General Sup't.

CENTRE HALL
Furniture Store.

WM. R. CAMP,
PROPRIETOR.

Walnut & Fancy Chamber Suits, Lounges. Bureaus, Bedsteads, Sinks, WASHSTANDS, Parlor Tables, Breakfast Tables, Extension Tables, Wood and Cane Seat Chairs, Mattresses, Spring Beds, and everything else in the Furniture line at the lowest prices. I hope to merit the patronage of the public by good work and moderate prices. Please call and see my stock before you go out of your own valley for your furniture. You can do fully as well at home as you can anywhere else.

TRY ME!

Call and examine them.

We manufacture the best OVERALLS in the country.

BAULAND & NEWMAN.

Great Peremtory SALE OF DRY GOODS AT COST.

F. J. TROXELL,

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

Agent for the closing out sale of a large and desirable assortment.

Ladies' Dress Goods, Notions, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Shawls,

Wool square & long Shawls, Broche, Paisley, and Black Cashmere Shawls, all wool &

SKIRTS, CLOTHS,

Cassimeres, Tweeds, Jeans, Suitings, Red, white and plaid Flannels, Linsey, Bleached and Bleached as well as colored COTTON LANNELS, DOMESTIC GOODS, Muslins Shee gs, Table Linens, Towlings, &c.

CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS

Tapestry, Brussels, all wool extra super Ingrain Carpets, also a fine assortment and the most beautiful designs in cheap carpets, besides Hall and Stair Carpet to match. Floor and Table Oil Cloths, Window Shading and Curtin fixtures. Butter, Eggs, Lard, Bacon and Wool taken exchange for goods. If you desire bargains don't forget the place,

Corner of Maine and Vesper Streets, Lock Haven, Penna.

THE NEW VICTOR.

SIMPLICITY SIMPLIFIED!

Improvements September, 1878.

Notwithstanding the VICTOR has long been the peer of any Sewing Machine in the market—a fact supported by a host of volunteer witnesses—we now confidently claim for it greater simplicity, a wonderful reduction of friction and a rare combination of desirable qualities. Its shuttle is a beautiful specimen of mechanism, and takes rank with the highest achievements of inventive genius. *Note.*—We do not lease or consign Machines, therefore, have no old ones to patch up and re-varnish for our customers.

We Sell New Machines Every Time.

Send for Illustrated Circular and prices. Liberal terms to the trade. Don't buy until you have seen the

Most Elegant, Simple and Easy Running Machine in the Market.—The Ever Reliable VICTOR.

VICTOR SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,
Western Branch Office, 235 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL. MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

HATS JUST RECEIVED AND UNPACKED HATS
My New Spring Stock of
HATS MILLINERY GOODS, HATS
HATS Which Embraces all the new styles and colors, Including the very fashionable HATS
HATS LEGHORN, FRENCH CHIP, AMERICAN CHIP, STRAW, PORCUPINE, TUSCAN HATS
HATS Braid, &c., which I have in great variety, at my store HATS
HATS PENN STREET, MILLHEIM, PA. HATS
HATS HATS

I can suit all purses as I sell both cheap and costly goods.

Trimmed Hats and Bonnets, Untrimmed Goods. Silk Trimmings, Artifical Flowers, and everything desirable in my line. Your trade respectfully solicited.

MRS. ANNA M. WEAVR.

FREE BY MAIL.
WONDERFUL CURES
HOPELESS CASES OF
CONSUMPTION

Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Debility and All Chronic Diseases. 20 years of great experience. 2,000 hopeless cases cured. Astonishing discovery of new treatment to quicly fatten, make blood and build up the system. Invalids caused to eat and digest enormously and gain 3 to 5 pounds per week. Vital and healing force is rapidly and powerfully increased. New life and vigor imparted the first few days. Severest cases of Consumption, bed fast and given up to die, cured in 2 to 3 months. Infla mation in the Lungs removed, Hectic Fever and Night Sweats, and Cough made loose, and easy, or checked in 36 hours. The treatment exhilerates, exalts, arouses all organs into he althy vigorous operation. It is also the greatest cure on earth for Liver, Kidney, Heart, Head, Blood Skin Female and Nervous Diseases, Seminal Weakness, all diseases of schildren, and the Opium Habit. We are hone t in our offer, and earnestly invite you to write or come before it is too late, no matter what your disease, even if abandoned by the ablest physicians. Describe your case. Trial free to all who come here. A trial package of our medicines worth $2 to $4 sent by mail to all who send us the names and addresses of all afflicted in their vicinity and 5 cents to pay postage. B. S. DISPENSARY, Berrien Springs, Mich.

EXCELSIOR
STEAM DYE WORKS
LEWISBURG, PA.
W. Davis,
Proprietor.

My Factory has all the machinery and facilities of a first class establishment of its kind. My experience in the business extends over many years, both in this country and in Europe, and am therefore enabled to do strictly first class work at moderate prices.

THE JOURNAL STORE,
Millheim, Pa.,

has accepted an agency from me. All goods brought there for dying will be returned free of extra charge.

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE
Gettysburg, Pa.

The Faculty and Instructors are the following:

Milton Valentine, D. D.,
President and Professor of Intellectual and Moral Science.

Luther Henry Croll, A. M.,
Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy.

Rev. Adam Martin, A. M.,
Professor of the German Language and Literature, and of Greek.

Rev. Henry Eyster Jacobs, D. D.,
Franklin Professor of the Ancient Languages

John A. Himes, A. M.,
Graeff Professor of the English Language and Literature, and of History.

Rev. Philip M. Bikle, A. M.,
Ockershausen Professor of Phisics and of Latin. And others.

The Model Grocery.
S. P. KERSTETTER,
Proprietor.
MARKET STREET, LEWISBURG, PA.

Dealer in first class Groceries of all kinds, Flour and Feed, Wood and Willow Ware.

Queensware a Speciality.

sell a *White Granite Tea Sett*, 46 *pieces, for* $300. All other Queensware in proportion.

Just received the finest lot of China Ware ever brought to this place.

If you come to Lewisburg don't fail to give me a call and get the best bargains you ever had.

JOHN S. FISHER,
Manufacturer of

CARRIAGES, SPRING WAGONS, BUGGIES, SLEIGHS.

REBERSBURG, PENNA.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, JULY 14., '81.

DEININGER & BUMILLER,
Editors and Proprietors.

Local Department.

—Lock Haven has a school tax of 15 mills.

—Try Spigelmyer's 12½ cent coffee. None better in town at any price.

—Dr. Mingle is home again from his western trip, safe and sound as a Bland new dollar. Hope he will stay.

—The Pennsylvania State Teachers' Association will be held at Washington, Pa., July 26, 27 and 28 instant.

—Astronomers say that the comet has split itself into two parts and is vanishing.

—Don't fail to hear Rev. A. D. Rowe, next Sunday. You will enjoy a fine, rare treat if you go.

—Harvest hands are receiving from $1.25 to $1.50 per day in this neighborhood.

—Spigelmyer has just received a barrell of choice rice. It is selling out fast at 7 cents a pound.

—The harvest in this neighborhood is pretty well over. The crop is a good one generally—excellent on particular farms.

—Ex-President Hayes was defeated last Thursday in an election for trustees of Kenyon College, at Gambier, Ohio.

—To-day we publish another interesting letter from our friend W. K. Alexander, who now sojourns in Texas. Read it.

—R. F. Vonada, our ex-mail carrier, retired from the business July 1st. He was a faithful and obliging official and has the kindest feelings of all with whom he came in contact.

—We should not suffer from a Cough, when a few doses of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will cure. Time, money, comfort, health, are all saved by it.

—There is a lull in the candidate business just now. The candidates—real good fellows as they are—are very considerate in permitting farmers to cut their crops in peace.

—Two interesting letters will appear in next week's *Journal*, one from Hon. W. K. Alexander, now in Texas, and the other from Rev. J. G. Shoemaker, of Emporia, Kansas.

—Spigelmyer picked out a lot of his best calicoes, 7½ cent goods and marked them down to 5 cents, in order to make room for a large lot of new prints coming in next week.

—Practitioners of medicine are now required to register their diplomas at the Prothonotary's office; neglect of this imposes a penalty of $100.

—Forty buildings were burnt down in a town called State Line, in Northern Pennsylvania on the *glorious 4th*, and it was the little fire cracker that did it. Comment is unnecessary.

—The glorious Fourth passed off very quietly here, barring the noise and racket made by big and little boys with fire crackers, toy pistols, anvils &c. In the evening the band gave us some good music.

—Rev. C. F. Deininger and family, of New Berlin, have been spending their mid-summer vacation in and about Millheim. They seem to be thoroughly convinced that Penns Valley chickens are among the best.

—J. A. Limbert, the new mail contractor, has procured a fine new wagon, and is prepared to carry express packages and other goods from Coburn to Woodward and all intermediate points at reasonable charges. tf

—J. H. Holt announces himself this week as a candidate for county treasurer. Mr. Holt is an enterprising and successful lumber merchant and a gentleman of first class integrity and business qualifications.

—Geo. W. Spangler, candidate for treasurer called to see us last week. We know George these many years as a man of good standing and character. He is as competent as any one to handle the county funds.

—The Lock Haven *Journal* of last week gives natty little Sammy Faust the following neat puff:

> Mr. S. K. Faust, of Centre Mills, Centre Co., called on us to-day. Mr. F. is a wide awake business man and a candidate for Sheriff of Centre Co. The Democracy of Centre could not nominate a better man for that position.

—Centre Camp Meeting of the Evangelical Association will be held this year in Mr. John Keen's grove about three miles west of Millheim, commencing August 11th, and ending Aug. 18th. There will be no boarding house on or near the grove.

Committee.

—Notices have been sent to the friends of Maurice Healey, the furnaceman recently murdered at Dunbar, Fayette county, that those attempting to capture the murderer will be killed. It is thought there is a Molly Maguire organization in that section.

—A child of Peter Murphy, of Oxford, was in the harvest field carrying sheaves on Wednesday, when two horses, attached to the reaper, became frightened and ran off, knocking the child down and passing over her, mutilating her body in a terrible manner. Her left thigh-bone was broken and her limbs fearfully lacerated.

—A cherry tree in Bushkill township, Northampton county, the property of John Roth, is nearly sixty years old, and will bear eighteen bushels of fruit this year.

—At Spigelmyer's you can buy Mason's fruit jars at the following prices: 2 quart jars, $1.75 per dozen; 1 quart, $1.40 per dozen; pint, $1.20 per dozen.

—Bellefonte has just elected its corps of ten teachers, among whom we are glad to notice our young friends, Mr. J. C. Meyer, recently from Aaronsburg, and Miss Lizzie Swartz, daughter of Dr. Geo. M. Swartz, formerly of Millheim.

—Rev H. C. Holloway, of Newville, Pa., sailed for Europe on the *City of Berlin*, of the Inman line, July 2nd. He expects to visit England, Scotland, France, Italy and Germany, and return in the fall. Hope he may have a pleasant and profitable trip.

—The Journal Store always keeps a complete line of stationery in all its branches. Blank and memoranda books in great variety, paper of every grade and price, pencils and penholders of every description. Staffords celebrated writing fluid a speciality. tf

—The following are the new tax collectors in this end of the county for the current year: Potter —J. C. Boal, Gregg—Isaac Smith, Penn—David Kimport, Millheim—Thomas Hockman, Haines—Elijah Burd, Miles—Simon M. Spangler.

—There will be no session of the United Sunday School next Sunday, in order to give all an opportunity to hear Rev. A. D. Rowe, the returned Childrens' Missionary to India, who will lecture on Mission Work in India, in the Lutheran church, Aaronsburg, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

—The Excelsior Dye Works at Lewisburg turns out first class work. Shawls, dresses and men's garments will be colored and pressed in best style. Mr. Jacob Wolf is agent for Centre county. Goods left at the Journal office will be attended to. Satisfaction guaranteed. tf

—Besides the many common people that dropped in to see us on business or pleasure during vacation we had calls from several great men, prominently among which we mention J. C. Harper and Joe W. Fury, Esqs., of Bellefonte, and Hon. W. J. Purman, of Clinton County.

Musical College.—This celebrated institution for the study of vocal and instrumental music will begin a session of six weeks, on Monday, August 1st, 1881.

Address F. C. Moyer,
Director Musical College,
Freeburg, Pa. 4t

—Read the beautiful and touching tribute of Maud Muller, in another column, to the memory of Eddie and Luther Heckman, sons of Mr. A. N. Heckman, of Nittany Valley, who died respectively June 26th and 27th, proximo. Independent of the sad occasion that called it forth and its utter truthfulness, it is a production of rare literary merit.

—The hot wave that was rolling over the land made a halt here last Sunday, in order we suppose to take a rest. It had the effect to run up mercury to 105 degrees in the shade, and it was agreed all round that it was very hot—tremendous hot—awful hot—blazing hot. Everybody said so, there was not a single negative voice, and so at last we had to believe it ourself.

Lewin, Lewin, Lewin—Of the Philadelphia Branch, Branch, Branch—is the very man, man, man—that will sell you clothing, clothing, clothing—just a trifle cheaper, cheaper, cheaper—than any other man, man, man—in Centre county, county, county. Now don't you take our word, word, word—but go and see yourself, self, self—in order that you may, may, may—know the truth, truth, truth—of every word we say, say, say. 2t

—On Tuesday Mr. Frank Bowersox had the largest crowd of people that perhaps ever assembled in a harvest field in Penns Valley. They did not come to work however—for the majority no doubt would have been utterly opposed to such a diversion—but to see the Osborne Self Binder at work. All who saw the machine in operation are simply delighted with the work it does. It cuts the grain and binds the sheaves in any desired size, in a neat and substantial manner, and needs only a driver to operate it. What a grand improvement—what a magnificent achievement. But what will American ingenuity next invent? Guess somebody will make a machine one of these days that will combine the reaper, thresher, grist mill and oven all in one, so that while the grain in the straw would enter the machine in front, the baked loaves, cakes and pies, in in every desired size, shape and quality, would come out at the rear. There is still room for improvement on the Osborne Self Binder.

By Universal Accord.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, and their extensive use, by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, proves them the best and most effectual purgative Pill that medical science can devise. Being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use. In intrinsic value and curative powers no other Pills can be compared with them, and every person, knowing their virtues, will employ them, when needed. They keep the system in perfect order and maintain in healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mild, searching and effectual they are especially adapted to the needs of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which they prevent and cure, if timely taken. They are the best and safest physic to employ for children and weakened constitutions, where a mild but effectual cathartic is required.

For Sale by all Dealers

—At no time before did we see grand old Brush Valley appear so beautiful or rich as we did last week on a trip down to the lower end. There is not a poor wheat field to be seen from the turn-pike down to Mr. George Brungards, which is as far as we came. The hay crop is simply superabundant, the oats fields, just now dressed in richest green, are all that could be desired, while the corn is doing well in making up for lost time. It seems as if Providence was making a special effort this year to lavish his richest blessings on this beautiful and favored spot of earth.

Arm Broken.—Miss Mary A. Maize, of this place, had the misfortune to break her right arm at the wrist, on Thursday June 30th. She was picking cherries at Mr. John Coey's, near Aaronsburg, standing on the upper rungs of a ladder. Her sister was also in the act of ascending the ladder from below, and had reached but a few feet above ground, when a rung broke which gave the ladder a twist and brought it and Mary to the ground. The fall was a severe one and she is much bruised otherwise.

Another.—Mrs. Michael Smith, of this place, fell from a cherry tree at Mr. John Karn's, Tuesday the 5th and broke her arm. We did not learn the particulars.

How the World moves in a Day.

The following are the respective headings of as many articles in the Philadelphia *Times* of July 7th, showing how crimes and accidents run riot throughout the country in a single day:

A furious fight. Shot and captured after dangerously wounding two men.—A murderer's death in Jail.—Broke his neck while loading hay.—Killed because he would not work.—Two Hundred people poisoned.—An Indiana Duel.—An Ex-Minister waylaid and badly beaten with a slung shot.—Garrison, the Williamsburg Murderer delivers himself up for fear of being lynched.—Murder and Suicide in Pittsburg.—A father causes his daughter's death.—A murderer's suicide.—Massacred by Indians.—Over 300 cattle burned.

—W. F. Musser, A. B. who recently graduated from Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, will open a select school at Aaronsburg, on Monday, July 25th instant. Frank is amply qualified both by education and character to take charge of such a school, and we hope he may be patronized as he deserves. Aaronsburg used to be proud—and with reason—of her schools and school spirit, but for some years she has had no school above the "common" grade. We hope Frank will be able to revive some of the old spirit and enterprise that worked so nobly in the cause, in the days of Dimm, Haines, Burrell, Swartz, Foose and others. 2t

Letter from Texas.

Clarendon, Donley Co., Texas,
June 25th, 1881.

Dear Journal: I have been out this morning helping to do some surveying and feeling a little worse for the wear I concluded while trying to rest myself to write up Clarendon and the surrounding country for the benefit of your readers. Clarendon is finely situated at the junction of Carroll Creek and Salt Fork of Red River. Carroll Creek passes along the edge of the town, right through the town plot, however. The stream is about half as large as Elk Creek at low water, but being fed by springs all along its course, always furnishes the town with plenty of water. Excellent water is obtained here by digging from 20 to 40 feet. Clarendon has about 20 houses, built, some of stone, some of timber and some of unburnt brick called *adobes*. The adobe is made of sand and black earth, in size to suit the wall for which it is intended. For an 18 inch wall an adobe is made 18 inches long, 6 inches wide and 4 inches thick, perfectly sun dried. They make an elegant wall when plastered both inside and outside with good sand and lime morter, and are much cheaper than stone or brick.

Clarendon is situated about 280 miles north west from Gainesville, the county seat of Cooke county and the terminus of the Texas, Missouri & St. Louis R. R., the nearest rail road point south, and about 225 miles from Dodge City, Kansas, the nearest rail road point on the north. It has a population of about 125, is quite a business point, as there is no business place on the south of any consequence nearer than Henrietta—198 miles away, and Elliott, north west from here about 50 miles. One would suppose when there is not sufficient population in the county to complete a county organization, when it requires but 150 voters to organize, there would be but little business, but there are several large cattle ranches in the county and many more outside of the county that depend upon Clarendon for supplies, and this makes it quite a trade centre. A good physician is wanted here. A shoemaker, a saddler and a tinsmith could each do well. The prairies surrounding the town are very fine. Some little farming is done but my opinion is that the country is too dry for farming purposes. We had a little shower last night, which was the first rain since I came here, several weeks ago. I fear the crops will be a failure, but for cattle this section can compete with any other in the United States. They have the finest cattle here I ever saw—sleek and fat as eels fresh from Penns Creek. Cattle men here pronounce the business the best and surest of all legitimate pursuits. One of the leading stock men calls his calves his *coupons*, and says he knows exactly how many he has and what they are worth every time he counts them. They say that dry weather does not affect the cattle and that calves fatten better on partially dry grass than upon growing, green grass.

This is a decidedly healthy country. I have enjoyed the very best of health ever since I am here. While I am writing old Bareas is just making things rattle. It is nothing unusual for the wind to blow a fearful gale, and this is one reason why this locality is so healthy. All the miasma and impurities in the atmosphere are driven away. Besides this we are at an attitude of about 2000 feet above the sea. You will see from the very nature of things that this can not be other than a healthy region.

Next week a party of us expect to visit Capt. Goodnight's ranche, which is the finest in the country if not in the world. He owns the celebrated Paladero Cayuon on Red River, about 70 miles long and about as wide at the mouth, with natural walls on each side at places 1000 feet high. He uses it exclusively for a winter ranche, as it affords constant pasture for his stock and the best of shelter from storms. He had about 20,000 head of cattle last winter and you could scarcely notice a shortening or decrease of the gross. I will write again about this celebrated ranche after visiting it, and in the mean time remain your friend, W. K. Alexander.

Missionary Meeting.

Rev. A. D. Rowe, returned missionary from India, will lecture in the Lutheran Church, Aaronsburg, next Sunday morning at 9 o'clock on "*Mission Work in India.*" He will exhibit some India idols, style of dress, and other interesting matters. The public and especially Sunday School workers and scholars are cordially invited to attend.

Communicated.

The Reaper.

Sabbath morning June 26th, '81, George Eddie Heckman died of scarlet fever after an illness of but four days—aged 14 years, 11 months and a few days. Monday morning June 27th Luther Sankey Heckman died of the same disease—aged 11 years, 6 months and some days. Both were sons of Mr. Adam N. Heckman, of Nittany valley.

These were sudden and sad deaths. They cast a gloom over our valley, and the many intimate friends of Mr. & Mrs. Heckman were filled with sadness. Such cases of severe affliction are rare. Two noble boys full of promise and beauty—a devoted father's pride and a loving mother's treasure, to lie still and cold in death at the same time side by side, borne to the cemetery together and laid into one grave! Surely

> "*God moves in a mysterious way*
> *His wonders to perform.*"

The friends ask in wonder and awe—What does it mean, why and for whom does God call so loudly? "He hath his mysteries of grace—ways we cannot tell." "Now we see through a glass darkly."

Tuesday June 28th, the day of burial, was one never to be forgotten by all who attended. So sad, so full, were all hearts. No words can picture or express the heart throes and deep distressing anguish of those dear parents, grand parents and relatives. They had the deep and tender sympathies of all present. The Sermon by the Pastor Rev. W. H. Diven, so eloquent, so thoughtful and consoling, was listened to with wrapt attention.

The Sunday School scholars, the companions and friends of the two lovely boys, now cold in death, brought offerings of beautiful flowers emblematical of the purity and immortality of the loved ones laid to rest in the quiet graveyard. The precious dust was encased in beautiful caskets. The funeral was large and most solemn and impressive. Many evidences were manifested of the high regard and esteem in which the dead were held, and sympathy for the stricken parents in their deep sorrow was heartfelt and general.

Sabbath morning the St. Paul's Lutheran Sunday School passed a series of resolutions of love, respect and remembrance to the memory and worth of dear Eddie and Luther Heckman, who had missed only three Sabbaths from Sunday school in four years. They were always on time—always interested—always good and kind—never said a wrong or harmful word. They were model boys in every particular. Just the kind of jewels the blessed Saviour wanted for His school in the Heavenly Paradise above. They are safe now. No temptations—no trials—no more pains and struggling for them! He who proclaimed "Suffer little children to come unto Me" will care for them now. They are singing new songs—learning new and better and sweeter lessons than earth can teach. Together—not alone—saved and happy are these dear manly boys.

There is a lonely, empty home. So few to bow at the family altar—to gather around the table. How are they missed by the aged grand fathers and mothers, the uncles and aunts—the Sunday School, those dear, happy beautiful faces—honest, noble and generous. We cannot and never will forget them. It is sad and hard to give them up. But the Savior counts the pure ones, the bright ones for his own. "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

"M. M."

Married.

On the 16th inst., at the English Lutheran Parsonage, Jersey Shore, by Rev. J. A. Bright, Mr. Samuel Ryder of Coburn, Centre county Pa., to Miss Amanda A. Wenrick of Pine Creek.

On the 3rd inst., at the house of the bride's parents, by Rev. P. C. Weidemyer, Mr. George B. Shaffer, of Haines township, to Miss Clara O. Kerstetter, of Penn township.

Died.

On the 26th ult., at Penn Hall, Mrs. Margaret Krape, at the advanced age of 87 years, 10 months and 25 days.

On the 8th inst., in Haines township, Mrs. Catharine Stover, wife of Samuel L. Stover, aged 68 years, 1 month and 26 days.

On the 30th of June last, in Greenville, Mercer county, Pa., of dropsy, Mrs. Catharine Lutz, daughter of Jacob & Susannah Bollinger, late of Millheim, aged 72 years, 2 months and 2 days.

Millheim Market.

Corrected every Wednesday by Gephart & Musser.

Wheat No.	1.10
Wheat No. 2	95
Corn	45
Rye	75
Oats White	35
Oats, Black	32
Buckwheat	
Flour	5 40
Bran & Shorts, per ton	18 00
Salt, per Brl	1.75
Plaster, ground	10.00
Cement, per Bushel	45 to 50
Barley	50
Tymothyseed	
Flaxseed	
Cloverseed	
Butter	16
Hams	12
Sides	8
Veal	
Pork	
Beef	
Eggs	16
Potatoes	50
Lard	10
Tallow	
Soap	6
Dried Apples	6
Dried Peaches	10
Dried Cherries	

COAL MARKET.

Egg Coal	$5.50
Stove "	5.75
Chestnut "	5.30
Pea "	

P. Gephart. D. A. Musser

GEPHART & MUSSER
DEALERS IN
Clover
Flour. &
Feed,
Coal,
Plaster
& Salt
MILLHEIM PA.,

Highest market price paid for all kinds of
GRAIN
Delivered either at the BRICK MILL or at the old MUSSER MILL, in MILLHEIM.

COAL, PLASTER & SALT
Always on hand and sold at prices that defy competition.
A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited. 39-1y

BEE HIVE
Dry Goods House of Lock Haven for
SPRING AND SUMMER
OF
1881.

Never since the establishment of this great Dry Goods House have we done such an extensive business as we have done this spring. We will in a few days open our fourth immense stock for the Spring and Summer of 1881. The people of Lock Haven, Clinton and Centre counties are showing their great appreciation of the wonderful bargains we are offering in our entire stock. First class goods, only honest dealing, no misrepresentations and low prices always win. This is the motto on which we have built up our enormous trade and will here say that we fully appreciate the liberal patronage of the People in sustaining a first class Dry Goods Store in Lock Haven, which it has been our humble effort for some years to establish.

Our Dress Goods
DEPARTMENT
is especially attractive and excels any effort we ever made in Fineness of Stock, Richness of Patterns and in its great variety.

500 YARDS BEAUTIFUL
SUMMER SILKS
at 40, 45 and 50 cts per yard. Beautiful Black Dress Silks at 75 cts a yard. Heavy Gros Grain at 1.25 warranted not to crack or wear glossey. Beautiful Brocades in Black and all Colors. All colors of Satins and Dress Silks. 1000 yards Best Lawns in Remnants from 3 to 15 yds. 9 cts, worth 15 cts.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF
Black and Colored Cashmeres
ever shown in Lock Haven at astonishingly low prices, and all the new Styles of Dress Goods to be found in any city store. 500 yards of the best Pantings for Men and Boys' wear, ever shown in this city. 10000 yds. Bleached and Brown Muslins to be sold at wholesale prices. 6000 yds. best Calico warranted fast colors at 4½ cts. Great bargains in Table Linen, Tickings and Toolings, &c. 200 Parasols 25 per cent less than usual price. 1000 Pairs Ladies Lisle Thread and Kid Gloves at prices that will astonish any one who is a judge of their value. An immense stock of Stockings, Laces, Ribbons, &c.

CARPETS, CARPETS, CARPETS.
Never was there shown in Lock Haven such a stock of Body Brussels Tapestry Brussel, 3 ply and Ingrain Carpet, as we show this season and our trade is really immense on them. Beautiful Carpets from 20 cts. a yard upwards.

Come, See and be Convinced
that the Bee Hive Store offers decided advantage over every store in Central Pennsylvania in everything in the dry goods line. Everybody welcome to the BEE HIVE, 65 MAIN STREET,

LOCK HAVEN, PA.
J. J. EVERETT,
Proprietor.

WANTED: 10000 lbs. good tub washed wool for cash or exchange for these great bargains.

DR. JOHN F. HARTER,
Practical Dentist,
Office on 2nd story of Tomlinson's Grocery Store, on Main Street,
MILLHEIM, PA.

B. F. KISTER,
Fashionable Boot & Shoemaker,
MILLHEIM, PA.
Shop next door to Foote's store, Main St.

BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS made to order, and satisfactory work guaranteed. Repairing done promptly and cheaply, and in a neat style.

J. C. SPRINGER,
Fashionable Barber,
Next door to Journal Store,
MILLHEIM, PA.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,
(Opposite Court House.)
H. Brockerhoff, Proprietor. Wm. McKeever, Manager.
Good sample rooms on first floor.
Free Bus to and from all trains.
Special rates to Jurors and Witnesses.
Strictly First Class.

IRVIN HOUSE,
(Most Central Hotel in the City,)
Cor. Main and Jay St.,
Lock Haven, Pa.,
S. Woods Cal Well, Proprietor
Good Sample Rooms for Commercial Traveler on first floor.

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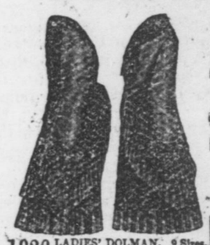
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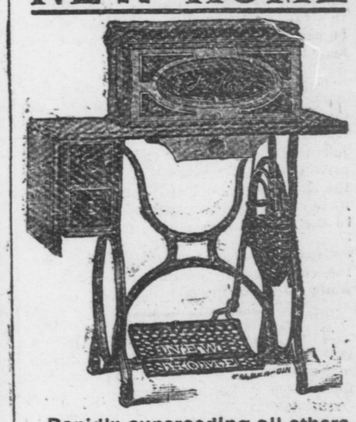
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THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

AGRICULTURE.

FORWARDING MELONS.—All our melons, squashes and other plants of that family, come from tropical or warm countries, and in order to yield the best returns in our northern gardens, need every advantage we can give them. Every one may not find it convenient to start his cucumber, melon, and similar seeds, on pieces of sod, or in pots, in a hot bed or frame, but he may greatly hasten, or forward the same in the open ground. All the expense or trouble required is, to make a lot of frames, one for each "hill," of six or eight inch boards, and a foot square. It may be more convenient to get boxes from the store, at little or no cost. It makes no difference if the boxes are somewhat larger than the size named, the object is to get a box without top or bottom. Over such a box frame, tack a piece of thin muslin or cotton cloth, and the thing is ready. Sow the seeds in the usual way, and every afternoon, when the day begins to be cool—soon after 3 o'clock usually—turn these frames over the "hills." This will hasten the germination of the seeds, and when the plants come up, continue to protect them in this manner. If a cold windy day occurs, it will be better to leave these covers on than to expose the plants to the weather. This use of the covers or frames may be continued until the plants get too large for them. Not only will plants thus treated be much ahead of those without such protection, but they will also be largely preserved from the attacks of the "striped bug" so injurious to melons, cucumbers, and related plants, especially when young.

FARMERS BREEDING FAST STOCK. There is a good deal said by the agricultural journals about this question, and there is a prevailing opinion that farmers should not breed fast stock. We can hardly arrive at such a conclusion. If there is more money in breeding thoroughbreds than there is in common horses, we say breed the thoroughbreds. It is claimed that fast horses means idleness, race-tracks, gambling, whisky-drinking and swindling. That may be so, but no one ever objects to the farmer raising barley, corn, rye and hops, because such products are required for the manufacturing of whiskey and malt liquors. There is as much propriety in one as there is in the other. We believe that horse-racing is pernicious in its tendencies. We have the same opinion in regard to drinking liquors, unless used for medicinal purposes, but that is no reason that barley, rye, corn and hops should not be cultivated. The farmer can breed fast horses and yet not patronize the race-tracks, unless he chooses to do so. If he can raise a horse that is worth—when four or five years old—five hundred dollars, is it not his privilege, and is it not better than to grow a plug, or a dung-hill, that is only worth seventy five or a hundred dollars at that age? We say let the farmers make all the money they can off of their farms in a legitimate way. The more they make the better it is for all of us.

PATIENCE WITH ROSES.—If the new roses you have set out do not bud and bloom satisfactorily at first, do not be discouraged. Give them time. First blooms are frequently single and imperfect, and deficient in color and fragrance, because the roots are not sufficiently established to furnish the full amount of nourishment required. Other causes will also produce like effects, as for instance poor ground, shade, and insufficient light, too much or too little moisture, too close proximity to buildings or larger plants, trees, &c. Anything that interferes with the growth of the plant will lessen the beauty and color of the flower. All roses do best when planted in open ground in summer. Give them a chance and they will repay all care and trouble.

OLD tan bark makes a cool and delightful walk under the shade of trees. It must be laid on a dry bottom, or it becomes very unpleasant in wet weather. Slag from furnaces ground up with ashes is the very best material for garden walks, and the color is more agreeable in hot weather than gravel. Notwithstanding its dark color, it is not so hot, and it does not pack quite so hard as the regular road material. Sand, on the other hand, though it does not pack at all, is very hot, on account of the very hard nature of its particles.

WEEDS on graval walks may be destroyed and prevented from growing again by a copious dressing of the cheapest salt. This is a better method than hand pulling, which disturbs the gravel and renders constant raking and rolling necessary. One application early in the season, and others as may be needed, while the weeds are small, will keep the walks clean and bright.

IT is of the very utmost importance that stock should have good, pure water, and plenty of it. The thirst of animals during hot weather can readily be imagined from judging it by the human thirst; and to deprive the animal of sufficient drink is about the worst species of cruelty that can be inflicted upon the brute creation. The agony of excessive thirst is simply terrible.

To obtain a good night's sleep, sponge the entire length of the spine with hot water for ten or fifteen minutes.

Astrology and Astronomy.—Astrologers have spent their strength in forebodings concerning this disastrous year, and memorable events thus far chance, says a correspondent of *The Providence Journal*, to accord with their predictions. But intelligent observers of the political condition of Europe would have drawn a similar picture of the events shadowed forth in the coming year, and students of astronomy familiar with the results of the sun-spot period would have expected the advent of storms, earthquakes, and epidemics in varied forms, for there is little doubt that the disturbed condition of the sun is reflected in the meteorological condition of earth. And yet at this very time, when astrology as a science has nearly exploded, astronomy is discussing the question whether these planets whose positions were supposed to rule the destinies of men born under them may not be the exciting cause of some of the phenomena agitating the globe, their attraction acting upon the sun, and the sun in turn acting upon the earth. Planetary action is thus made the indirect agent in the death of many thousands of human beings, the victims of the unusual elemental warfare that will make this year long to be remembered. It is only a theory, like almost everything connected with astronomy, and the giant planets must swing round to perihelia many times before the question can be decided. There may be something in it however, and if so, astrology, in a new phase, will shake hands across the intervening ages with the ancient science which saw in the beaming planets, as they tracked the heavens, friend and foes, watching over the nativities of the human race.

A recent investigation has led to the discovery of the remarkable fact that intense cold may deprive magnetized steel bars of nearly all their magnetism. This fact has an important bearing upon observations of the magnetic condition of the earth taken in high latitudes; for what appear to be daily and yearly changes in the earth's magnetism may be due in large part to conditions of temperature, which affect the magnets used in the observations.

DOMESTIC.

MILK FOR THE SICK.—Milk is a perfect food and the only perfect food that exists. It contains all the elements that enter into the human body. Should a man attempt to live on bread alone, or flesh alone, or fat, or vegetables, he would sooner or later starve, through lack in these articles of diet of some one or more of the properties that are necessary to the nutriment of the human body. But on milk alone most persons can live, thrive and grow. Milk has a value, beyond the period of infancy, much greater than is generally thought. The old notion and practice was to starve a fever. The result was that the patient was starved, and had no strength to rally when the fever was subdued. Fever patients are now carefully fed, advantage being taken of the daily "remissions"—that is, the hours of low temperature—and the digestive power of the stomach being aided by pepsin. The bland and nourishing properties of milk make it the main food for such patients. It is equally the best food in many cases where the digestion has been impaired through overtaxing of the nervous system. Some patients, however, have found that it produced "biliousness," as they expressed it. But this has been largely due to using it as a drink between meals, instead of as the principal part of the food at meals. It has thus only increased the stomach's burden. Still, very weak stomachs have been unable to bear it even as an article of food, especially in winter. The difficulty is that the cold temperature of the milk has still further reduced the impaired vitality of the stomach. In such cases, let the person use it warm—sipping it as hot as it can be borne. This heat furnishes just the stimulus needed for the process of digestion. An exclusively milk diet, with bread or boiled rice, for a few days, will often help a person speedily through a cold, or enable him to rally from a temporary attack of indigestion.

HEALTH OF CHILDREN.—One of the simplest and best remedies to be given to children if they are troubled with worms is poplar bark. A well known physician has used this for years with marked success. It can be bought at any drug store, and a little paper costing five cents will often prevent sickness and possibly save a large doctor's bill. If a child looks white around the mouth, with flushed cheeks and bad breath, it is safe to infer that he is afflicted with worms. I take a little pinch of bark, about as much as one would naturally take up on the point of a penknife, and give it before breakfast; it has a clean, bitter taste, and there is no difficulty in getting a child to take it if you explain what it is for. A good way to regulate a child's stomach and bowels is to give him a little bowl of oatmeal and milk every day, for breakfast or dinner; see that it is well salted, as salt promotes digestion. The ailments of a child always proceed from the stomach, and much may be done for our children by paying some attention to their diet and so avoid giving medicine as much as possible. "My little boy eats everything just the same as the rest of us, coffee and tea and all," said a lady to me with an air of pride and satisfaction. Now *my* little boy did not eat everything and never tasted of coffee or tea, and at the age of six years he was a perfectly healthy child and full half a head taller than the sallow dyspeptic little fellow who ate everything.

MILK CEMENT.—It may not be well known that new milk makes a good cement for broken crockery. One good method of using it is to snugly tie together the different parts and lay in the pail while milking. After thoroughly drying, the pieces will be found to be firmly united, and will remain together a long time if not soaked. Another way is to take warm, fresh milk and turn into a basin over the fire; into this lay any dish or toy, firmly tied together with thread or twine. Heat until scalding hot, remove and dry. A milk pitcher mended in this way was in daily use for weeks. I had a large yellow nappy cracked so badly that it leaked. One morning I filled it with milk and placed it on the stove; it soon stopped leaking, and after the milk was turned out the parts were so firmly re-united that it rang like a whole dish.

HARMLESS FACE POWDERS.—Rice powder, though expensive, is warranted perfectly harmless. Refined chalk is the safest thing to use, and costs far less than if put up under some other name and sold in boxes. Cascarilla powder is much used by Cuban ladies, and is considered harmless. Wash the face with thick suds from glycerine soap, and, when dry, dust on the powder with a puff or piece of chamois skin.

JELLIED CHICKEN.—Boil a fowl until the flesh will slip easily from the bones; pick the meat from the bones in good-sized pieces, leaving out all the gristle and fat; place in a wet mold; skim all the fat from the liquor and add a half ounce of gelatine, a little butter, pepper and salt; when the gelatine is dissolved pour all over the chicken while hot; season pretty high; serve cold, cut in slices.

TO REMOVE WRINKLES.—Put pieces of court plaster on the face where the wrinkles are inclined to come, just before going to bed and remove in the morning. The plaster contracts the skin and prevents its sinking into creases and lines. It also protects and softens the skin. Warm water should always be used to wash the face in, as it keeps off wrinkles.

RUSKS.—Three tablespoonfuls of sugar, two eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, one pint of sweet milk, and two or three tablespoonfuls of yeast. Set at night, mold in the morning, let it rise, then make into tins.

NOVEL CRUMB TRAY AND BRUSH.—Take a tray or dust pan, in any preferred shape, cover with linen, working a design in chain-stitch on the sides and bottom of the tray in black and red silks. The back of the brush is ornamented in a style to correspond.

CREAM COOKIES.—Two cups sugar, two eggs, one cup cream, one cup butter, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful lemon extract or one-half a nutmeg, grated; flour enough to make a dough as soft as it can be rolled.

A CERTAIN cure for a felon is to wind a cloth loosely about the finger, leaving the end free. Pour in common gun-powder till the afflicted part is entirely covered. Keep the whole wet with strong spirits of camphor.

YOU will not be troubled with carpet moths, if you scrub your floors with brine before tacking the carpets down and once a week scrub your carpets with coarse salt.

To keep seeds from the depredations of mice, mix some pieces of camphor with them. Camphor placed in trunks or drawers will prevent mice from doing them injury.

TO REMOVE PIMPLES.—Two ounces of bi-carbonate of soda, one drachm of glycerine, one ounce of spermaceti ointment.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A TRAVELING Irishman, who had gone the whole round of the Continent, was returning home satiated with having "seen nothing," when, in a field by a road, he saw a light; he stopped his carriage, hurried to the scene of action, took his side, with small reference to the question at issue, obtained his due amount of blinding bruises, and groped back to his carriage, exclaiming, "By Jove, this is the first bit of pleasure I have had since I have been from home."

"WHY do women so often wander aimlessly in the murky solitudes of the dead past, brooding over the days that are forever gone?" asked a young lady of her practical lover, who is a widower. "They don't," he replied. 'On the contrary, they wander around the dry goods stores of the present, pricing things they have no idea of buying. Women are not dreamy or poetical, but when it comes to getting a $2 bustle for $1.90 they keep right up with the procession."

[Quincy, (Ill.) Daily Herald.]

Speaking "by the Card"

C. H. Wood, Esq., of the C. & T. Ry., Port Huron, Mich., favors our correspondent with the following: After suffering for nearly a year with rheumatism, receiving treatment from most of the best physicians of Michigan and the West, I happened to try a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil. Upon the first application I used fully half a bottle, and its effect was almost instantaneous. I immediately dropped all other treatment, and confined myself to its use alone. After the use of three bottles, instead of being driven to my business, or moving about on crutches, I walked from one to three miles daily about business, and have been free from this horrible disease for over a year, not having the slighest twinge of it. Hence, I say that all medicines known to me are useless when compared with the Old German remedy. Use this statement when and where it suits.

THE boys of Detroit seems to be going down hill in their morals, of late. On Sunday one of the legion, who has always been noted for his respectful demeanor toward the great public, observed an old citizen yawning and gaping on a street corner, and said to him: "Better not open your mouth too wide." "Why?" was the surprised query. "There's a law agin opening a saloon on Sunday," continued the sinful child, as he slid for the middle of the street.

CONVERSATION between two school boys: "I've been down to have my head felt by a phrenologist." "What did he say?" "Oh, he said I had a great brain, but my body wasn't equal to it, and told my gov'nor he'd orter take me out o' school for a year, and just let me play to rest and develop my physique, and the gov'nor's going to do it." The other boy is pestering his father to take him to the phrenologist's.

"BY Gawge, fellahs, I had a delightful dweam last night. I dwemt, you know, that I was invited to a banquet. The table was just fweighted down with tempting gwub and costly wines. Ah! it was a delicious dweam."

Just at this moment a hungry looking tramp, who had paused to listen, bawled out:

"I say, Mister, if them's the sort of dreams yer hev, I'd jest like to bunk with yer to-night."

[Philadelphia Times.]

Philadelphia Police Department.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* of December 29, 1880, mentions among many others, the case of Chief of Police of that city, Samuel H. Given, Esq., who says he used St. Jacob's Oil in his family, for various painful ailments, with excellent results. He has also heard from many who have used it for rheumatism, that it alone of all remedies did them good.

"HAVE you given electricity a trial for your complaint, madame?" asked the minister, as he took tea with the old lady. "Electricity!" said she. "Well, yes, I reckon I has. I was struck by lightning last summer and hove out of the window, but it didn't seem to do me no sort of good."

"DON'T waste your time in clipping off the branches, but lay your axe at the root of the tree," said the woodman to his son. And the young man went out and laid his axe at the root of the tree, like a good dutiful boy, and then went fishing.

A DEADWOOD miner expired last week after a brief illness. He had an argument in a bar-room, and never rallied from the effects of it. His last words, addressed to his wife, were: "I ain't got nuthin' agin no man, so don't you be foolin' around after another pard when I'm planted."

SHE raised a paper to strike her husband and as it happened the rear end of it grazed her chin and drew blood, whereupon she tumbled all in a heap in the middle of the floor and howled piteously, But he only remarked with the utmost composure: "My love, it's a poor rule that won't work both ways."

Profit $1,200.

"To sum it up, six long years of bedridden sickness, costing $200 per year, total $1,200—all of this expense was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it, for their benefit."

A DIFFICULT question:—Squire's daughter—"What is this we hear about your father and mother quarrelling so, Peggy?" Peggy—"They've both had a little money left 'em, miss, and I think feyther he wants the lot. Anyways, they can't agree nohow whether her money is his'n, or his hern, or his'n and hers hern."

"I CAN'T find a place in the city to suit me," despairingly remarked a house hunting lady to her husband. "Why, so my dear?" "Why, because—because—well, if you must know, I can't find a mantel long enough for the crewel lambrequin I made last winter."

AN old angler says that a fish does not suffer much pain from being hooked. Of course not. It is the thought of how his weight will be lied about which causes him anguish.

"YOUNG HUSBAND."—House cleaning means for the women to tie towels around their heads and run the men into the street without any breakfast every morning for a week or so, while they break lamps and spill whitewash on the stairs.

"WHAT is love?" asks everybody; and somebody replies:—"It is a feeling that you don't want another fellow fooling around with her."

Labor Saving.

The demand of the people for an easier method of preparing Kidney-Wort has induced the proprietors, the well-known wholesale druggists, Wells, Richardson & Co., of Burlington, Vt., to prepare it for sale in liquid form as well as in dry form. It saves all the labor of preparing, and as it is equally efficient it is preferred by many persons. Kidney-Wort always and everywhere proves itself a perfect remedy.—BUFFALO NEWS.

WHAT is the difference between a man who awards a prize, and an opener of oysters? One shells out the prize, and the other prizes out the shells.

HINT in punctuation—exclamation points are always placed at the active end of a bee's sting.

WHEN the swimming season comes there will be a re-nude activity among young Americans.

AN Illinois girl has bought an omnibus line. Bound to have a "bus" if she don't lay up a cent.

Vegetine

The Best Medicine.

GENERAL DEBILITY.

FREEPORT, Ills., Sept. 27, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston:

Dear Sir.—I have been using your valuable medicine, "Vegetine," for General Debility, and have no hesitation in saying that I consider it one of the best, if not **the best** medicine in the market for a general invigorator and Blood Purifier. J. H. PORTER.

Vegetine,

GIVES GENERAL SATISFACTION.

Eruptions of the Skin, Chronic Sore Eyes, and General Debility.

Read what Dr. Simmons says:

VERONA, Miss., June 5, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston:

I have used "Vegetine" in my family for two years and cordially recommend it as a remedy for Eruptions of the skin, Chronic Sore Eyes and General Debility. I have also recommended it to a great many persons in this section, and I think it has given general satisfaction. Very respectfully,

DR. J. J. SIMMONS.

Your very valuable medicine, "Vegetine," restored the sight to my little daughter, saved her from being blind, and I have no doubt saved her life. Very gratefully,

MRS. J. J. SIMMONS.

WITH SUCH BENEFIT

SHEBOYGAN, Wis., Nov. 15, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston:

Dear Sir.—I can fully testify to the efficiency of your Vegetine as a Great Blood Purifier, having used it during the last seven months with such benefit.

Yours truly, W. O. ST. SURE, Druggist.

Vegetine.

PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists.

Card Collectors!

1st. Buy seven bars **Dobbins' Electric Soap** of your Grocer.

2d Ask him to give you bill of it.

3d Mail us his bill and your full address.

4th. We will mail **YOU FREE** seven beautiful cards, in six colors and gold, representing Shakspeare's "Seven Age of Man."

I. L. CRAGIN & CO.,

116 South Fourth Street,

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

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The Farquhar Separator

(Patented)
Penna. Agricultural Works, York, Pa.
Lightest draft most durable, simplest, most economical and perfect in use. Wastes no grain, cleans it ready for market.
Steam Engines, Horse Power and Pole Machines, Plows, Cultivators, &c., &c.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
Address as Mr. Farquhar, York, Pa.

"GOOD night, darling," he said to her as he trotted down the walk of a Third street residence the other evening, and he had the words hardly out of his mouth when his feet struck a slippery place on the walk and he came down with a crash. It was astonishing to know how suddenly that young man's voice of tenderness could change to the most vehement emphasis.

Grateful Women.

None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women. It is the only remedy peculiarly adapted to the many ills the sex is almost universally subject to. Chills and fever, indigestion or deranged liver, constant or periodical sick headaches, weakness in the back or kidneys, pain in the shoulders and different parts of the body, a feeling of lassitude and despondency, are all readily removed by these Bitters.

"MY DEAR," said an anxious matron to her daughter, "it is very wrong for young people to be throwing kisses at each other." "Why so, mamma? I'm sure they don't hurt, even if they do hit."

"LITTLE baby is very ill, Charlie; I am afraid he will die." "Well, if he dies, he won't go to the bad place." "Why, Charlie, how can you know that?" "Oh, I know he can't, mamma, he's got no teeth to gnash."

MOTHER SHIPTON'S prophecy is supposed to be about four hundred years old, and every prophecy has been fulfilled except the last—the end of the world in 1881. Buy your Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, the great natural hair restorer, before the world comes to an end.

SOBER paragraphists seldom get into trouble, but when one is a rum-un and the other a cart-o'-gin-ian they are apt to excite punic war.

THE blossoms on the trees indicate the spring, but the blossoms on a man's nose denote the fall.

WHAT kind of music does an excessive tobacco masticator remind one of? Why an over-chewer, to be sure.

To remove fruit and wine stains—especially peach and claret—from table linen, moisten with dilute sulphuric acid, and then rub with a strong aqueous solution of sulphite or hyposulphite of sodium; or soak for a short time in a strong aqueous solution of bleaching powder—calcium hypochlorite—press out excess of the liquid, and immerse in dilute sulphuric acid—one part to ten of water; rinse in cold water, dip in hyposulphite of sodium solution, and afterwards wash out thoroughly in hot water.

THOUSANDS SPEAK.—Vegetine is acknowledged and recommended by physicians and apothecaries to be the best purifier and cleanser of the blood yet discovered, and thousands speak in its praise who have been restored to health.

The fact that nutmegs have strong narcotic properties has long been known; but they are in such common use as a favorite condiment used in small quantities that their dangerous nature when taken in large quantity is apt to be overlooked and forgotten, even by those who are aware of their tendency. Nutmeg in the quantity of two or three drachms has been known to produce both stupor and delirium; and dangerous and fatal consequences are said to have followed its free use in India. Mace, the outside covering of the nutmeg, possesses essentially the same properties.

THE invalid finds in "Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher" nature's great restorer. It is wonderful.

With a single telephone held, say, to to the right ear, the transmitted voice appears to come from a distance to the right; while with a telephone held to the left ear, it seems to arrive from the left of the listener. With a telephone to each ear, if one ear be less sensitive than the other, or if the telephone be held farther from that ear, the voice apparently shifts to one side of the other ear; and, if both ears hear alike and both instruments are equally near their respective ears, the voice apparently proceeds from in front of the observer.

WOMAN'S Triumph! The discovery of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A *patent* has been taken by Mr. Hansell of Philadelphia for a novel car-starter, which stores up the momentum of the car when stopped, by means of a spiral spring, in such a manner that when the horses begin to pull it is immediately propelled about a yard forward; and the horses, instead of wasting their strength by a pull against the usual dead-weight, require to apply very little more force than when the car is in full motion.

M. de Rossi has been led by certain experiments to believe that explosions of fire-damp are preceded by slight undulations and noises too small to be detected by any means except the microphone. He thinks that by the aid of microphonic observations in collieries the presence of large quantities of inflammable gas in the earth might be detected in season to prevent disastrous consequences.

"SELLERS' Liver Pills" are the secret to perfect health, long life, and absolute happiness. Sold by all druggists.

A report by Dr. H. Trimen, of Ceylon, on India rubber, states that the plant which produces the Ceara rubber is very hardy, and will grow in a dry, rough soil and in a moderately dry, hot atmosphere, while the Para and West India rubber plants require a rich soil and a constantly hot atmosphere. The tree grows to a height of about thirty feet, and has a dense rounded crown. In two years it attains a diameter of four or five inches, when it may be tapped. The cultivation of this tree will reduce the price of rubber to a reasonable rate.

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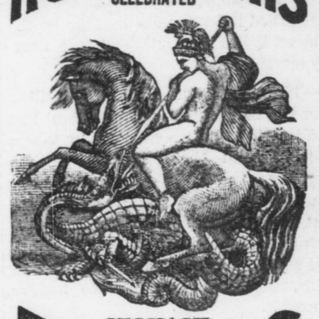

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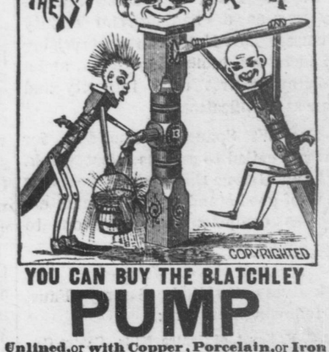

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